

Wife, contending with anti-Ch.ist for the divine perfectious of her Lord. Has *she* ever—has she *ever*—since the moment of the Reformation, sympathized with the heresi es on very side of her, which not only deny that the Lord hath “bought us with his blood,” but deny that He who bought us is the Lord? Wherever Apostolical Episcopacy exists—and it now belts the earth—Jesus is worshipped as “very God of very God;” His blood, in all places, the price of our redemption; His cross, save where your own hands have torn it down, the symbol of our hope; and the Creeds of the earliest times, recited with a lowly bowing at the name of JESUS. How different, where Presbytery has fulfilled its course—in London or in Belfast, in Paris or Geneva, in Berlin or in Boston—it matters not where—*wherever* it has run its course, there Jesus is rejected, and his crown trodden in the dust. It is the “invariable antecedent and consequence” of the philosopher—the plain “cause and effect” of common sense—the *semper post hoc, ergo, propter hoc*, of all human experience.

After attentively considering the terrible experiment of three hundred years, I sought in vain, to fly from the conclusion, that Presbyterianism embodies in it, by an inherent and innate necessity, the elements of its own decay. Certainly its undying worm is nurtured in the heart of its unhealthy bud. The *punctum saliens*—the principle of the system, is fatal to the system: the very condition of its existence fatal to that existence: the freethinking on which it is based, its own death-warrant. Its leading, hinging, fundamental article, “the right of private judgment,” is a cup of sorceries. But it is a golden cup, and “the wine therein giveth its color, and it moveth itself aright,” When once “the right” to taste has been